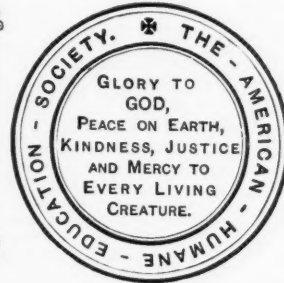


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 26.

Boston, January, 1894.

No. 8.

"But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine."



A PRACTICAL BAND OF MERCY.

By kind permission of B. W. Tice, Superintendent West Side Lodging House of the Children's Aid Society for Homeless Boys, New York City.

HAPPY
NEW YEAR.

Although the times are hard and the contributions to both our Humane Societies have fallen off in consequence, yet we enter upon the new year with a heart full of thanksgiving for the past and hope for the future.

Not only to our friends but to the whole world we wish it may prove the happiest the world has ever seen.

If we could have *our whole wish* there should be no more wars, no more poverty, no more cruelty, no more crime, and from every living creature should go up the song:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below."

5,322,000 PAGES.

"Our American Humane Education Society" alone has sent out from our offices during the past month about five millions and three hundred and twenty-two thousand pages of humane literature.

FROM THE CHRISTMAS EDITION
OF THE "BOSTON HERALD"
DECEMBER 24TH.

THE GREAT ARMY OF MERCY.

I am asked to write 400 words for the Christmas edition of the Herald, and am glad to do it.

In what are called "the Middle Ages" came the "Age of Chivalry," when men, standing before the altars in the great cathedrals of Europe, took upon themselves the vows of knighthood, one of which was "I promise to protect the defenceless and to maintain the right."

In July 1882 was formed in Boston a new order of chivalry, intended to be principally composed of boys and girls, and called "The American Band of Mercy."

Its badge is a five-pointed star of imitation gold or silver, on which are inscribed the words, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to all," and its promise is "I will try to be kind to every harmless living creature, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Among its first members were the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, the Chief Justice of the State, the Archbishop, and many most prominent citizens.

Not long after, President Cleveland became a member and wore its badge while thousands of public school children marched by him in procession.

Over seventeen thousand branches of this Band of Mercy have now been formed in every State and Territory, also in British America, and some in China and Japan.

They have become a great army, numbering probably a million members, and it is quite possible that their flag may be destined to float around the world.

That all the children who read this may understand how large an army it is I will say that I am told by an army officer that sixty thousand soldiers marching in single file would reach about thirty-five miles.

If this be so then the million soldier boys and girls of our great army of mercy marching in single file would reach nearly six hundred miles, and if they marched ten miles a day, which is about as much as any boy or girl would care to march, it would take sixty days or nearly two months for this army to march through Boston.

It costs nothing to form a "Band of Mercy." Any man, woman, boy or girl can form one. To every "Band" we give, without charge, our monthly paper for one year, and much other humane literature, stories, pictures, poems, songs, and a badge to its president.

Having now written more than the 400 words asked, I will only add that I shall be glad to have every one who would like to form or join a branch of this great army write me for information or call at our offices, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy.

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

For many personal Christmas gifts of books of poems, etc., etc., we are under great obligations to the givers. Will they all please accept our kindest wishes for many happy New Years?

GRIPPE, SULPHUR,
AND PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

At the December directors' meeting of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and of the "American Humane Education Society," held yesterday, resolutions were passed calling upon all our members of Congress and others to aid the passage of a bill now before Congress, to secure better care and protection of animals in ocean transportation.

President Angell referring to the epidemic of Grippe, stated that he had caused inquiry to be made a few days since at Byam's Match Factory, and found that none of the fifty girls and ten men employed there had ever had the Grippe, and that the book-keeper there was the only person out of his family of eleven who escaped it. Mr. Angell suggested that wearing a little powdered sulphur in the stockings could not do much harm and might prove as effective as it is said to have proved in yellow fever and cholera, and that an occasional teaspoonful of the old remedy, sulphur, cream of tartar and molasses, might give an equally good or even better protection.

Boston agents had dealt with 285 complaints of cruelty during the month, taken 39 horses from work, and mercifully killed 78 horses and other animals.

New Bands of Mercy formed during the month 299, making a total of 17,611.

SULPHUR, ASTHMA, &c.

A friend has been entirely cured of a terrible case of asthma by taking a teaspoonful of the old remedy, sulphur, cream of tartar and molasses, on retiring at night, twice or three times a week, in proportions of three teaspoonfuls of sulphur, one of cream of tartar, and enough molasses to thicken. We have been trying it personally for about two months, and that or something else has relieved us wonderfully. We have a strong belief that it will also aid in guarding from grippe.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CURE OF SMALLPOX.

"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," writes Edward Hines to the Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of smallpox cannot be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar."

"One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of hot water, and drunk at intervals when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering."—Boston Post, Dec. 16, 1893.

When seriously sick consult a good doctor.

OUR ANNUITY.

Many years ago, hearing that people who held annuities generally lived to extreme old age, we stepped into our "Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Co." and bought a life annuity.

When we called the other day to receive our twenty-seventh semi-annual payment, we told them that a good lady who thought she could foretell the future had prophesied that we should live up to our ninety-fifth year, and as we did not want to be too hard on the institution if they would make us a liberal proposition we would consent to compromise.

We regret to say that our kind suggestion was only received with a smile, and consequently if our own wishes in the matter can be carried out we shall have to call upon the institution for forty-nine more semi-annual payments.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Sermons in every Catholic and Protestant pulpit—prayers in every Catholic and Protestant church, and in great union prayer meetings of all Protestant churches in every city and town—petitions signed by all Catholic and Protestant clergymen and church members for settlement by arbitration—will stop every war between Christian nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE POOR.

TO THE MAYORS OF ALL AMERICAN CITIES:

We send marked copies of the following letter, which appeared in the Boston daily papers of Dec. 13th and 14th, to the mayors of all American cities, also to the editors of about ten thousand American newspapers and magazines:

FOR THE POOR.

Twenty-five years ago, at the starting of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the City Government of Boston put under my orders for three weeks seventeen policemen picked from the whole force to canvass the entire city for funds. I assigned to each his district, furnished each with a blank book for subscriptions, published in all the Boston daily papers the names of all givers and the amounts given, and succeeded in collecting in about three weeks about thirteen thousand dollars.

It occurs to me to suggest that a similar detail of police placed in charge of the president of our Associated Charities or other suitable person, may again canvass the city for money, fuel, provisions and clothing for the poor, which wisely distributed through the Associated Charities or other suitable agency, may bring vast relief during the hard winter just beginning.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OCEAN ANIMAL TRANSPORTATION.

To all members of the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress now assembled:

GENTLEMEN: I take pleasure in forwarding to you the following resolutions, passed at the December meeting of the directors of "The American Humane Education Society" and "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," held yesterday.

I have no doubt that it will give you pleasure to aid, by every judicious means in your power, in securing a more humane transportation of animals on the ocean.

With kind wishes, I am

Very respectfully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Resolved. (1st.) That "The American Humane Education Society" and "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" hereby respectfully petition the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, to enact a proposed law presented by the Hon. Mr. Cummings in the House of Representatives at the first session of the 53rd Congress, and numbered H. R. 4162, to the end that better care may be given to animals in transportation on the sea, and that they may be protected from the terrible cruelties and suffering now inflicted upon them.

(2nd.) That we hereby respectfully ask all our members of Congress, and all other humane persons, to aid in the enactment of this law.

The above has been sent to every member of both Senate and House.

SPANISH "BLACK BEAUTY."

Just before going to press we receive an order from Madrid, Spain, for fifty copies of our Spanish edition of "Black Beauty."



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seventeen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

For the sound of waters rushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies,
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark and silent gorges
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner majesty;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of being,
I thank thee, O my God!

DON'T TRY TO CHEAT A LAWYER.

A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a Connecticut town where there was only one other lawyer, an aged judge.

A close-fisted old fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man, told him he was very glad he had come into the town, as the old judge was getting superannuated, and then contrived in a sort of neighborly talk to get some legal questions answered. Then thanking the young man, he put on his hat and was about to leave, when the young man asked him if he should charge the advice, for which the fee was five dollars. The old fellow went into a violent passion, and swore he never would pay. The young lawyer told him he would sue him if he didn't.

So the old fellow went down to see the judge, found him hoeing in his garden, and said:

"That young scamp that's just come into town! I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him, and he charges me five dollars for legal advice."

"Served you right," said the judge; "you had no business to have gone to him."

"But have I got to pay it, judge?"

"Of course you have."

"Well, then," said the man, "I suppose I must," and he started off.

"Hold on!" said the judge, "aren't you going to pay me?"



THE OLD VIOLIN.

From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

[By kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"Pay you? What for?"
"For legal advice."
"What do you charge?"
"Ten dollars."

The result was that the old fellow had to pay five dollars to the young lawyer and ten dollars to the old one.

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.

Don't hire or ride behind a poor looking, or high-checked or dock-tailed horse. Always look at the horses and tell drivers why you do it.

"THE CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS ARE HIS."

We wonder whether farmers who abuse cattle ever think of what the Bible says about them—dark and badly ventilated stables—poor and insufficient food—solitary confinement—heavy yokes, goads and whippings—prizes at agricultural fairs to the men who, by whipping and goading, can compel their oxen to draw the heaviest loads—no prize should ever be given to be won by whipping or goading—calves taken from the mothers when too young.

There is terrible need of humane education even among so-called Christian farmers, as all who read our new prize story, "The Strike at Shane's," will realize. Every farmer in America ought to read that book.

We wish we had the means to give away at agricultural fairs and elsewhere a hundred thousand copies.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1894.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

\$5. In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and fifty-three new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of seventeen thousand five hundred and sixty-five.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

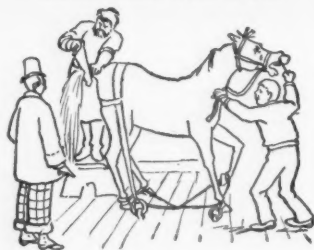
Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

MUTILATED FOR LIFE.



LIFE MUTILATION OF HORSES.

We are asked what we propose to do at the Legislature this winter in regard to the life-mutilation of horses by docking.

We would say that in April, 1889, we obtained an Act of our Legislature punishing this crime by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$250, and we succeeded in catching, prosecuting, and obtaining convictions in three cases in the western part of the State.

But the "Bobtail men" of Boston and vicinity defy the law and defy us to enforce it.

Through our regular agents, through special detectives, and the offer of \$250 for evidence to convict, we have endeavored in vain to secure convictions.

No person is allowed to be present when the crime is committed who can be induced for \$1000 to go into court and testify.

Finding it impossible to obtain evidence to enforce the law we, after careful consideration, asked the Legislature three years ago to enact a law which could be enforced, namely, that during the months of June, July, August and September every horse so mutilated must, whenever in use, pasture or stable, be covered with a netting or cloth to protect him from insects.

The consequence of this law would be that whenever any such mutilated horse should be seen by our agents without such netting or cloth we should have plenty of evidence to secure conviction, and make the matter so annoying to the riders and drivers of mutilated horses that they would soon be compelled to discontinue the mutilation.

At the first attempt we made to secure this law three years ago the "Bob-tail men" succeeded in defeating it in committee.

During the last two sessions we have succeeded in having it passed by a large majority in the "House of Representatives," but the "Bob-tail men" have defeated it in the Senate.

We now propose and hope to accomplish this winter its final enactment by both House and Senate. To aid in doing this we have sent all over the State and shall put before the Legislature the photographs of twenty-three of these "Bob-tail men" mounted on their mutilated horses, many of which, we are informed, have been already sold at auction to make way for another set of mutilated horses next summer.

NEW YORK.

A friend sends us this, cut from some paper:
Gen. Castleman, of Kentucky, wanted to exhibit a large number of long-tailed animals at the New York horse show. "I was treated most courteously by everybody," said the General, "but there was no place for my horses. If I had known a long tail was a bar against a saddle horse in every class, I would not have come. A bob-tailed horse doesn't count down in Kentucky, but it does in New York."

A pretty girl from the Blue Grass section of Ken-

tucky was so displeased at learning of this fact that she almost cried with rage, and said that at her home, where a horse was regarded with more esteem than in any other part of the country, bob-tailed horses are considered to be disgraced, and that the finest animals lose value in a Kentuckian's eyes the moment they are subjected to the docking process.

Are the "Bob-tail men" so strong that no man in that great city dares to attack them?

NEW YORK CITY.

We hope that the New York Society P. C. Animals, with its large financial resources obtained through the influence of Mr. Bergh, has not since his death fallen into the hands of the "Bob-tail men" who shoot pigeons from traps for sport, mutilate and torment their horses, and who, if not devoid of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate of their own race, are apparently as ignorant of the rights and claims of animals as the boy was of theology who told his Sunday school teacher that sinners were the cords in sheep's legs.

\$250 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict a member of either the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of the laws of Massachusetts, by causing his horse to be mutilated for life; also we offer \$100 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of this crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CHECK-REINS.

We see by the Boston Transcript of December 15 that Queen Victoria has ordered that in the future no check-reins are to be used on her horses. Now let all the people who respect and reverence the Queen, or admire her son, "The Prince of Wales," follow her illustrious example.

OUR TWO NEW PRIZE STORIES.

Of letters and editorials in their praise we shall soon have enough to fill this entire paper.

We have just issued a second edition of 20,000 of "The Strike at Shane's."

Our good friend Mr. Louis Prang, the Fine Art Publisher of Boston, with New York, London, Melbourne, Sidney and Vienna branches, and widely known throughout not only this country but Europe, writes us:

"I long ago gave up reading books of fiction for lack of time. 'The Strike at Shane's' has made the first exception, and the hold the little story takes on me is quite remarkable."

We are not a prophet or the son of a prophet, but we ask our readers to kindly note what we now say, that "The Strike at Shane's" will reach a million circulation and "Hollyhurst" probably several hundreds of thousands.

"THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S."

Just before going to press we are gratified to receive from Mr. G. A. Stewart, Superintendent of Public Schools of Lewiston, Maine, and President of the State Association, a letter speaking in high praise of the "Strike at Shane's."

We have now ready for delivery beautifully cloth bound volumes of "Black Beauty," at 25 cents per copy, or sent by mail 30 cents; also beautifully cloth bound volumes of our two new splendid prize stories, "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," a story of Massachusetts, and "The Strike at Shane's," a story of Indiana, each at 20 cents, or sent by mail 25 cents; also Mr. Angell's Autobiography, handsomely cloth bound, at 20 cents, or sent by mail, 25 cents. Also bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" at 80 cents, delivered at our offices, or \$1.00 when sent by mail.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

We would like to have *every one of our readers*, and every man, woman, boy and girl in this country canvass for "Our Dumb Animals," and retain one-half of every 50 cent subscription.

On receipt of the other half, viz., 25 cents, we shall send the paper for one year to the person whose name and address are given us.

We should also like to have some one in every city and town of Massachusetts canvass for memberships of our Societies, and shall pay to all a liberal commission, satisfactory references being required.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EVERY CLERGYMAN.

Will every clergyman who receives this paper give some boy or girl or older person a chance to make money in these hard times by canvassing for this paper?

OUR LARGE PLACARDS.

If any member of our Societies has not seen the placards representing 23 members of polo clubs mounted on their mutilated horses, which we have been sending all over and outside of Massachusetts, please send us a postal and we will forward them post-paid.

We have handsome placards, nine inches by seven, with a picture of a mutilated horse, and this printed in large type:

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals respectfully asks all humane persons *not to hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, or any horse whose head is placed in an unnatural and cruel position by a tight check-rein.* In behalf of the Society we are glad to send them free to all who will post them in public places."

NEW YORK CITY.

We have seen for several months in various New York papers accounts of the terrible condition of the Fifth Avenue stage or omnibus company's horses.

We are glad to see by the papers of December 3d that the Society there has recently taken hold of the matter.

Three veterinary surgeons report *seventy-five* of the horses totally unfit for work, and the president of the company agrees to buy a hundred new horses.

We pity the new horses.

COLLEGE CRIMINALS.

In Boston evening papers of November 29th we see that eight students of "good old" *Amherst College* have been suspended for robbing or stealing from the restaurants at White River Junction, Bellows Falls and Brattleboro, *while on their way back from the Dartmouth Foot-ball game at Hanover, N. H.*

They took almost everything they could lay their hands on, *including dishes and spoons.*

Now let these thieves be taken to Vermont, tried, convicted, and locked up in jail for six months.

The sooner we weed these young men out of our colleges the better it will be for both our colleges and our country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT A TERRIBLE PITY.

What a terrible pity that in all our American universities and colleges there is not a *single professor* to teach in the words of the seal of our "American Humane Education Society": "*Glory to God. Peace on Earth. Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature.*"

How much better to substitute in our *High Schools* for the professor who cuts up cats the professor who will take his classes into the woods and fields, to study with kodaks and opera glasses the habits of our so-called poor relations, and by kindness make them as tame as Thoreau did, when they came to him and fed from his hand.

HEAVEN.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past
When I asked of my scholars seven,
"Now tell me each one please, in turn,
What sort of place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!"
Cried poor little North-street Kitty;
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "*a great big city.*"

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift
And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair—
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led in the Easter anthem choir—
"*In heaven they're always singing.*"

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
'Twas a place for "*out-door playing;*"
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "*warmth and food*" she was praying.

The desk-bell rang. But one child left,
My sober, thoughtful Florry.
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place—*where you're never sorry.*"

—Sunday School Times.



FROM WHITTIER'S "AT SUNDOWN."

"One whose tender eyes
Reflect the change of April skies."

By kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE COLLEGE FOOT-BALL CRAZE.

In our morning paper, November 30th, we find several columns of opinions that college foot-ball fights, with all their gambling bets, drinking, carousing, rowdiness and violations of law are *not dangerous to those who take part in them.*

In another column of the same paper we find that John White, while playing with his club against Yale Seniors, had his spine so injured that paralysis set in, and he died yesterday in the Hartford, Conn., hospital.

In the papers of next day, December 1, we find that Gray of Harvard's eleven had a broken wrist, and Emmons was badly hurt, and the doctors fear *concussion of the brain*—that James Quinn, playing at Franklin Park, was removed to his home, attended by three physicians, and late last night *hovered between life and death*—that George Holmes, of the Bradford High School eleven, broke his collar-bone, and Robert Hall, captain of the Phoenix eleven, was carried unconscious from the field, and *it is feared he has concussion of the brain.*

In "*The Holyoke Free Press*" we find that on Nov. 4 John Peterson fell heavily in a foot-ball game and died in an hour of concussion of the brain. A week later Hugh Saupa, of the college of the city of New York, while running with the ball was downed and his neck broken. The same day Addis Herrold, of the Richmond, Ind., Y. M. C. U., had his skull fractured—on November 18, Raymond Carew, of Toledo, O., fell with the ball under the Adrian College team, and died in a few hours from fracture of the spine. November 24th, James F. O'Brien, of Manhattan College, died in New York from foot-ball injuries. On the same day Robert Christy was killed at Wooster, O.

Capt. A. W. Cooke, the well-known sporting critic says, in the *Boston Herald* of December 3rd:

"The game seems to me to be the most brutal that I know of. I saw the Springfield game, and a prize fight was child's play alongside of it. It was twenty-two men battering each other instead of two, and they did not have any cushions on their hands either. It was more like a gladiatorial combat than anything I ever saw."

Hon. Wm. A. Bancroft, Mayor of Cambridge and a famous ex-college oarsman says:

"I am opposed to all inter-collegiate games. They detract from the purpose for which young men are sent to college."

To which we add that while pretty nearly all our universities and colleges have been founded and supported by Christian men who wanted to promote the doctrines of Christianity—peace on earth and

goodwill among all nations and individuals—nothing can possibly give the Devil more happiness than to see how young men are being educated in many of them to go out devoid of all humanity to curse their country and the world.

We do not object to college foot-ball games as they were played when we were in college, *nearly the whole college* taking part in them and enjoying the sun which came from kicking the ball—not from fighting each other.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MYOPIA CLUB.

A good friend sends us an account of the death of L. M. Sargent, of *The Myopia Club*, caused by being thrown from his horse, and the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND,—I enclose a clipping which makes me think of "*The dead young squire*" in "*Black Beauty.*"

I knew the dead man and his father (H. B. S.), now in California, and have read the writings of his talented grandfather (L. M. S.), "*sexton of the old school.*"

Have science, literature, art, philanthropy, charity, God's service, communion with Nature, society of friends less charms than the cruel, cowardly excitements of the *Myopia* hunts?

How appropriate the name of the club, "*Myopia*," which means "*short-sighted*," "*purblind*," and well describes the "*feeble sense*" of the poor fellows that *cruelly mutilate their horses and even ride to death* in the attempt to keep alive in America a wretched and foolish show of ancient feudal system.

If you live a century I am afraid your work of mercy and love will still be needed.

Faithfully, L. M. CHASE.

WHAT CHURCH?

A good lady writes to inquire *what church we belong to?*

We answer: (1st) That we belong to "*the Great Church of Humanity*," which includes every church and every good man and woman in the world. (2nd) That all the religious denominations have used us so kindly that we have nothing to say against any of them.

(3d) That if she had asked what particular church we think the best we should have answered—*the church which is doing the most to hasten the coming of the millennium.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE NEW YORK CLERGYMAN.

We have a letter in regard to what we wrote about the New York clergyman who went over into New Jersey last spring to shoot robins for fun, and was arrested by a New Jersey officer and paid fines to the amount of \$155.

We answer that we have the highest regard and esteem for all good clergymen who are trying to follow in the footsteps of the Master.

Our father was a clergyman, our uncle was a clergyman, our cousin was a clergyman, and our mother was about the best clergyman of the whole lot.

But while we remember distinctly what Christ said about loving our enemies—blessing those that curse us—doing good to those that hate us—and praying for those that despitefully use us and persecute us, and those beautiful words, "*Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father,*" we do not remember that any of the apostles ever went prowling around the fields of Palestine with shotguns, in the nest-building springtime, to kill little robins and yellow birds for fun.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SKUNK.

From Boston Evening Transcript of Nov. 28.

To the Editor of the Transcript: One of the papers lately remarked that it was a pity the S. P. C. A. should extend its protection to so noxious an animal as the skunk. No animal is more useful to the farmer and gardener, and through them to the whole community, for no other destroys the grubs which kill our grass, our strawberries and other fruits, our rosebushes and other flowering plants. These grubs are the larvae of the dor-bug, or June beetle. They are large, white and very voracious, living under the soil upon the roots of grass, and fruits, and flowers, upon which we are expending much labor.

I never allow one killed on my farm and save my chickens from them by extra care in this direction, for which I am fully recompensed by the care they take of the June-bug grub. In parts of the country where hops are extensively raised, the skunk is carefully encouraged and protected, so well is his value understood.

JOSEPH STORY FAY.

THE SKUNK.

BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1893.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—It may be of interest to you to know that at my home in the State of Maine a skunk remained for at least four years about my house, making his home underneath the building, coming in and out, walking within a few inches of my feet over and over again, following me about sometimes when it suited his fancy, and never making any trouble for myself or any of the family or visitors at my house. I never detected the slightest unpleasant odor during the entire time.

Respectfully yours,

HARRISON MORGAN.

THE SKUNK.

BOSTON, Dec. 28, 1893.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Allow me to say a word in favor of that much abused animal—the skunk. His method of defence when attacked has brought him into disrepute. But why attack him? At the Katahdin Iron Works in Maine, which I visited a few years ago, a tame skunk was the pet of all the men. I took him up in my lap and fondled him as I would a cat. He never made any trouble and was a great favorite.

Very truly yours,

L. M. CHASE.

It would seem from the above statements that the skunk, when treated kindly, is harmless—using only when attacked or frightened the only protection the Almighty has given him.

SAVANNAH, GA.

We are delighted to learn from Director Hon. Daniel Needham, who has recently returned from Savannah, Ga., of the good work being done in that city in the way of humane education and otherwise, under the leadership of the President of the Society P. C. A. there, Hon. George L. Appleton.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS AND MAYORS.

In addition to sending our paper as usual to all the editors, clergy, lawyers, doctors, school superintendents, postmasters, and a multitude of others in Massachusetts, and to the editors of about ten thousand American newspapers and magazines, we send marked copies of this and December number to every member of Congress, also to the Mayors of all American cities.

A MULTITUDE OF EDITORIALS.

Among a multitude of editorials coming to our offices calling attention to our work, we are glad to notice quite a number from leading New York city papers. We have this morning such editorials from the New York Times, New York Commercial Advertiser, and New York Telegram.

A GREAT WRONG TO THE HORSE.

FRIEND ANGELL:

A great wrong to the horse is the new habit of clipping the inside of the ears. The hair in the ear is a necessity, and deafness is often the result of allowing wind, snow, rain, dust, hayseed, etc., etc., to get down where no man can get it out. Do you wonder that ulceration of the delicate structure follows, and that deafness is the common result?

H. W. SAYRE.

A SCHOOL FOR DRIVERS.

A New York lady writes us that she will be glad to contribute \$50 towards establishing an evening school or class in which drivers can be taught the best and most humane methods of dealing with horses.

We think that much good might be accomplished in any city by such an evening class or school. We remember with great pleasure the privilege we had in 1884 of addressing some three thousand Boston drivers of teams, hacks and carriages in our great Boston Theatre, and the kind attention they gave.

A BEAUTIFUL HORSE RUINED.

"There is as pretty an animal of his class as can be found—if he was all there. I hope that there will come a time when the legislature of the State of New York, and, for that matter, of every State in the Union, will pass a law making it a penal offence for any one to disfigure his horse in this most brutal way. It pleases, perhaps, about a couple of hundred Anglomaniacs who drive in Central Park, and displeases the humane and patriotic sentiment of 60,000,000 of the American people."—PROF. GLEASON.

OUR MISSIONARY.

Our missionary of our "American Humane Education Society," Mr. C. S. Hubbard, has been doing splendid work in Tennessee and Alabama.

HE TOOK ALL THE SHOES.

I know a funny story about a dog I have seen.

His master trained him to bring his shoes to him every day.

One day the gentleman went with his dog to a hotel where almost every one put his shoes outside his door to be blacked.

In the morning no one had a shoe.

The dog had carried every pair into his master's room and piled them up beside his bed.—New York World.

It is related of the (in his day) distinguished Rev. Dr. Beecher, father of Henry Ward, that when asked why he did not reply to an attack made upon him in some newspaper, he said that when a boy crossing a field one evening with an armful of books, he met a small animal and hurled several volumes at him, but soon found that he got the worst of it, and this led him to determine that he would never meddle with any such animals again.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

We are gratified to know that our articles which appeared in the last number of this paper on the importance of furnishing employment to the unemployed this winter, and suggesting that employment might be given all over our country in making better roads, have attracted the attention of the Board of Supervisors of San Diego Co., California, and they have forwarded to Congress a petition to make immediate appropriations for the purpose of surveying and building highways in the several states of the Union, and so giving employment to those who during this winter are in great need.

The Chairman of the Supervisors, Arthur G. Nason, Esq., asks us to request through "Our Dumb Animals" the Supervisors and Commissioners throughout the United States to follow the example of the San Diego Board—which request we are most happy to comply with, also to send a marked copy of this paper to each member of Congress.

We are also glad to find our views on this subject republished with commendation in papers in various parts of the country. One from Utah is just laid on our table.

JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

We are glad to receive an application and to send literature to aid in forming branches of our "American Band of Mercy" in the island of Jamaica.

SPECIAL INSPIRATION.

As we have often said in this paper the human mind is so constituted that it is impossible for all to think alike.

In 1870, when having succeeded in inducing the Royal Society P. C. A., of London, to establish a humane paper like our own, we were urging the establishment of "The Ladies' Humane Educational Committee," [which with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at its head has since done such a great work in Great Britain.] Mrs. Colam, wife of the Secretary of the Royal Society, came to us with tears in her eyes, and telling us of the duties already heaped upon her husband, besought us to cease our efforts to increase his labor and responsibilities.

We would have been glad to oblige this good woman under whose roof we were then stopping, but could only reply that we were so impressed with the importance of what we were doing that if every woman in England were to stand before us and make the same request we should still think it our duty to use every effort in our power to establish that committee.

And so it was established and has done a world of good!

Many times since, when we would have been glad to have done what kind friends wanted us to do, we have been compelled to say that other plans have seemed to us wiser and better.

We make no claim to special inspiration from the good spirits which are, or ought to be ever around us.

We do not know what influence the prayers which we are assured by Christian women in various parts of our country they are offering daily in our behalf may have.

We do not know what influence the prayers of our own good mother who during a large part of her life devoted two hours of every day to secret, silent prayer did have, or whether those prayers are continued since she has passed as we humbly trust into a better and happier world.

But we do know that thoughts which have come to us from we know not where, sometimes in the day and sometimes in the night, and aid which has repeatedly come to us from most unexpected sources, have often brought to our mind the thought that a Higher Power and Stronger Hand than ours is at times directing our work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HE PUZZLED THE MASTER.

An English schoolmaster once said to his boys that he would give a crown to any one of them who would propound a riddle he could not answer.

"Well," said one of them, "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?"

The master puzzled his brains for some minutes for an answer, but could not guess the correct one. At last he exclaimed, "I am sure I don't know."

"Why," replied the boy, "because I'm waiting for the crown."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The subject was a pony standing in the gutter, with its blanket blown down on the buggy shaft and a cold north wind blowing. Man after man passed looking at the pony, some even turning around to look back at the helpless animal, but doing nothing. By-and-by the man looking for opportunities, the good Samaritan, came and carefully placed the blanket on the horse, taking pains to so arrange it that the wind could not well blow it off again. It is so in our contact with each other with the world and the distressed. Some of us are not observing, and lose many opportunities of bestowing little kindnesses that mean so much. —The Outlook.



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THE BIRTH-PLACE OF GENERAL GRANT, POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

From "Golden Discoveries," by Margaret Sidney. [By kind permission of D. Lothrop Co.]

MORE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS — \$100.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Accept heartfelt thanks for what you are doing to elevate the moral tone of our schools and colleges. May your unselfish life long be spared to fight the battle for the weak against the cruel and the strong. May your courage fail not until you have inspired among educators and thinkers a desire for a higher standard of morals in our institutions of learning. I enclose a check for one hundred dollars for your work.

ANNUAL GIFT OF \$100.

MR. G. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—It gives me much pleasure to send herewith enclosed an annual subscription of one hundred dollars.

If agreeable to you I would be pleased to have it used in efforts to mitigate the horrors of vivisection perpetrated on defenceless conscious living animals.

Respectfully, A FRIEND.

\$75.

We are glad to receive just before going to press a check of \$75 to aid our "American Humane Education Society," from Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, of New York city.

December 13th, 1893.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Please find check enclosed, \$20, for the benefit of the Humane Education Society.

Hoping that you are well, I am,

Very sincerely,

MRS. F. E. HOLT.

FROM ONE OF OUR MOST ESTEEMED VICE PRESIDENTS.

December 14, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

The December number of "Our Dumb Animals" is a remarkably fine one, editorially and artistically. You have quite outdone yourself.

The friends of our cause may well rejoice. * * * The sling that King David slew the giant Goliath with seems to have fallen into your hands. * * *

Old Harvard must look to her laurels.

KIKERO.

When we were in college, the name of the distinguished Roman orator, Cicero, was pronounced as if it were spelt *Sisero*. Recently they have discovered in our colleges that it should be pronounced *Kikero*.

We wonder whether the foot-ball craze has anything to do with this Kick-a-row.

OUR TWO NEW PRIZE STORIES.

In each copy we ask all humane persons who read, and would be glad to give these stories a wide, gratuitous circulation, to send us checks and donations to be credited in "Our Dumb Animals," and used for that purpose by our "American Humane Education Society." We should be glad to gratuitously distribute a hundred thousand copies in the South and West and in New England, if we had the means.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THIS WORLD IS NOT HEAVEN.

It contains in the sick chambers, in the hospitals, in the homes of both rich and poor, an amount of physical and mental suffering almost beyond the power of words to describe.

With much that gives comfort and happiness, it has depths of misery which no plummet can sound.

But here we are in it from no choice of our own, and the great question is how to make it happier and better.

Many give time and money in the hospitals and elsewhere to the sick and suffering.

Many care for the insane, the aged, the feeble-minded, and the poor.

But while we recognize the importance of all these, it seems to us that nothing can be more important than to more humanely educate the coming generations for the alleviation of every form of suffering, and the prevention of every form of cruelty and crime.

That is the mission of our "American Humane Education Society," first and at present the only organization of its kind in this country or the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

When Henry Ward Beecher was in the midst of his troubles, a brother rose in one of the prayer meetings and prayed the Lord to show brother Beecher what a great sinner he had been.

Mr. Beecher, paying no attention to the prayer, went on with the meeting.

At its close another brother said to him, "I don't think, brother Beecher, you should have allowed such a prayer as that to be made without saying something about it."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Beecher, "it did the brother a sight of good to make that prayer, and I don't believe the Lord cared much about it."

A ROYAL PRINCESS OF ITALY.

"WE WILL TREAT YOU JUST AS WELL."

A rather pompous gentleman came to one of our seashore hotels some time since, and after registering his name said to the landlord, "I am the Lieutenant-Governor of —," giving the name of his State.

"It is no matter," replied the landlord, "we will treat you just as well."

No man in England impressed us as more deserving the name of noble-man than the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society P. C. A.

We shall never forget an interview when we were urging upon him the formation of "The Ladies' Humane Educational Committee of Great Britain."

He said it was a good thing, but would have to be postponed until next season "because everybody was going out of town" (forgetting for the moment the four or five millions that would be left).

We thought a moment and said, "I have only one suggestion to make to your lordship."

Your lordship (he was then over 70) is alive today — Miss Burdett-Coutts (since Baroness) is alive today — I am alive to day.

Six months from now we may all be dead and buried."

His lordship thought and replied, "It shall be formed now" — and it was formed, and has been doing its great work ever since.

We are gratified to receive on this December 16th the following letter from a Royal Princess of Italy:

CASA MELE, SOLITARIA, NAPLES,
Nov. 30th, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a cheque for eighty-three dollars and $\frac{7}{8}$, with the request that you will kindly send me as many copies of the Italian translation of "Black Beauty" as the amount will allow me to have. I require them for the municipal schools in and about Naples and for general distribution.

Many thanks for "Our Dumb Animals," which is a constant pleasure to myself and others. May your life be long preserved for the continuance of your great work.

Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

(PRINCESS) MELE BARESE.

Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches are a curse.

Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

SIMON GRUB'S DREAM.

I should not wonder if the following poem, written for our "American Humane Education Society" should be read as widely as "Black Beauty," and be recited as often in schools and Sunday schools as "Ben Hazard's Guests." It is another chapter of the gospel of humanity to God's lower creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(Copyrighted by the "American Humane Education Society," 1890, and all rights were reserved, but we now authorize everybody to publish it, giving due credit to our "American Humane Education Society.")

The text was this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to these ye have done it to me." Soon Simon slept, for 'twas sultry weather, And the dream and the sermon went on together.

He dreamed that he died and stood at the gate Of the outer court where the angels wait For those who hear the glad "well done," And can enter the realms of the Holy One.

While Simon waited and wondered if he Had forgotten the password, or lost the key A voice above him said, loud and clear, "Do you know you must bring your witnesses here?"

"Of witnesses there are many," said he; "My brethren and neighbors will all speak for me." But the brethren and neighbors came not near, And he heard only a whinny, familiar and clear;

And old Grayfoot, the horse, stood just at his right, While around on the other side, just coming in sight Was a crowd of dumb creatures so forlorn and so poor That the angel wept as he opened the door.

Then Simon grew pale, and trembling with fear Said, "O why are not some of the brethren here? Pray wait, pray wait, they'll surely come." 'Twas Grayfoot that spoke then, and Simon was dumb.

"On wintry nights I've stood in my stall When the cold winds blew through the cracks in the wall

Till every joint and sinew and bone Seemed frozen and dead as the coldest stone.

I've shivered the dreary time away With only some wisps of the poorest hay; Then put to work with shout and blow, So hungry and faint I could scarcely go."

Then old Brindle came, and with soft brown eyes Fixed on her master in sad surprise, Told a pitiful tale of starvation and cold, And how he had sold her food for gold.

The poor sheep told their story too Of bitter wrongs their whole life through; Turned out in cold and stormy weather, To starve and freeze and cry together.

They were lowly cries, but they turned to prayer, And floating upward had rested there Close by the ear of Him who says, "I will hear the cries of my poor always."

The old house dog, though treated ill Came near and fawned on his master still, Because the love these dumb things know Is more than human, more faithful, more true.

Then conscience woke, like some torpid thing That is brought to life by the sun in spring, And it lashed and stung him like poisoned thongs As memory brought him his train of wrongs, Forgetting nothing of word or deed, Of cruel blows or selfish greed.

His cruelly-treated friends that were dumb Would they follow him on through the ages to come? Must he see them forever gaunt, hungry and cold? For "Time and eternity never grow old."

How oft in dumb pleading they'd asked a caress From his hands that had beaten and starved them! Ah yes, He remembered it all, and it stung him to know That the love they had craved had been met only with blow.

O could he live over the life that was past, And leave out its sins, to stand here at last With a soul that was white for a happier fate: Was it conscience that whispered, "Too late, too late!"

He'd cruelly passed over life's narrowing track, Till remorse claimed its own,—for that never turns back; And sins scarce remembered, remembered too late,

Grew black as he saw them from heaven's barred gate.

'Twas in vain that he strove to speak to say Those sweet old words, "Forgive, I pray;" Sin's last sad cry: he was silent there; He was dumb, with such woful need of prayer.

Then voices seemed floating on every breeze: "Ye did it to these, Ye did it to these."

Go hence, be homeless, go starve and freeze: "Ye did it to these, Ye did it to these."

"And when you are faint and weary with woe You will still hear the shout, you will still feel the blow,

While a voice from which you shall never be free

Will whisper beside you, 'Ye did it to me.'"

But hark! What melody over him rolls? Do the angels sing requiems over lost souls? His last hope had fled. In an agony new

He awoke,—to find himself safe in his pew. What his dumb friends thought none ever knew

When food was plenty and blows were few, But the teacher who follows us ever it seems Gives his strongest lessons, sometimes in dreams.

Remember, dear friends, that the lips that are dumb May be those that will speak when our time shall come To stand at the entrance, and watch and wait For the angel to open or close the gate.

(For "Our Dumb Animals.")

A POEM FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I take pleasure in sending you for publication in "Our Dumb Animals," if you think proper, a little poem entitled, "The Egret's Plume," which I was recently led to write by attending a church in which I noticed several hats trimmed with the plumes of the egrets.

I hope, if you publish it, it may call attention of some most excellent ladies to a subject which they have never considered before.

C. F. ORNE.

NOTE.—"The little tufts of feathers are taken from the egrets, or smaller herons. The herons have to be killed to obtain the little plumes which grow only at the breeding season. The birds are ruthlessly shot while endeavoring to protect their nests of young."

For Our Dumb Animals.

THE EGRET'S PLUME.

I sat in the house of our Father, When His people were gathered all, And I looked on a fair young mother With her children sweet and small.

Her eyes were so full of her loving, On those infant faces bent, That I knew her heart to the utmost Was brimmed with a deep content.

My heart was rejoicing with her, That her's were life's dearest ties; That love's softest and sweetest music From her lips might fitly rise.

One small head lay on her shoulder; An arm was 'round her throat; In that touch of tender caressing What a world of love was shown!

The voice of the preacher rose softened, As he uttered the sweet words low That the Savior spake of the children In Galilee, long ago.

I lifted my eyes in gladness,— But ah! through the vaulted room A mist blotted out the glory: The light shut down in gloom.

I saw, in its fragile beauty, O'er that fair young mother spread, The delicate spray of feathers Torn from the Egret's head.

And my heart was away at the seaside, Where the heartless hunters go, When the mother-bird's crown of beauty Becomes her crown of woe.

For through the whole year only When her mother-love is her doom, Does the Egret bear for her nestlings Her fatal, fairy plume.

The ruthless hunters covet The lovely, waving crest, And they strike at the heart of the mother, Through her children in the nest.

For her mother-love impels her To defend with her life her young; The lovely crest is torn from her head, And her body to earth is flung.

Where the brutal robbers have thrown her, She hears, in her wild despair Her nestlings vainly calling For their mother's food and care.

They are slowly, slowly starving! And their death-moan's bitter pain Is borne to the savage hunters, Who smile as they count their gain.

Before me the mists grew darker; A shuddering shook the air; The mournful wail of the music Was the murdered Egret's prayer.

How could I hear the Christ-voice— "Little children, come unto me!"— When those sobbing walls of anguish Came up from the lands by the sea?

Think of your own little children In starvation's fearful doom! Oh, women! oh, mothers! and never Wear the murdered Egret's plume!

—C. F. ORNE.

A WELCOME ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Vice President Hill, who kindly reads all our letters every morning, and then submits to us those which seem to him to require personal attention, seldom makes any mention of annoying anonymous letters which are almost sure to come from people who never gave a sixpence in their lives for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

But at our request he hands us one this morning purporting to come from "a gentleman" who suggests that we had better not meddle with "gentlemen," and intimates that it is about time for us to be turned out of the work to which we have given more than twenty years of our life without any pecuniary compensation whatever, and thousands of dollars which we had previously accumulated, and which has cost us, as some of our friends would probably estimate, not less than a hundred thousand dollars, and perhaps twice or three times that sum,—a work which, starting in Boston is reaching through its over seventeen thousand "Bands of Mercy," and millions on millions of humane publications, in our own and foreign languages, not only over our whole country but to some extent around the world—a work of whose magnitude, magnificence, and far-reaching power, and influence for good, the writer of this letter has probably no more conception than an Apache Indian or Mexican broncho has of the grand Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome.

We remember saying some years ago to an aged judge of our Supreme Judicial Court that they were garrotting people in the streets at night, and that he ought to be careful when going out after dark.

His reply was, "If anybody can catch me outside of my house after dark they are at perfect liberty to garrote me."

So we say if anybody can catch us hesitating to attack any man or class of men in this Commonwealth who are clearly violating the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals by causing their horses to be mutilated for life or otherwise, no matter how rich or influential they may be, we will cheerfully consent to let anybody garrote us.

We thank our anonymous correspondent for his letter, because it gives us a good excuse for saying what we have said above, and of adding that while we are not a betting man we are willing to make an exception in this case, and bet a cooky on each of the three following propositions:

(1st). That the writer of this letter is liable to-day to a criminal prosecution and imprisonment for causing one or more of his horses to be mutilated for life.

(2d). That he would be glad to abolish not only the President but the Society.

And (3d). That there is about as much chance of his doing either as there is of his being elected Governor of Massachusetts, President of the United States, or in his present sinful condition getting into the Kingdom of Heaven.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A PRETTY INCIDENT
AT CHICAGO.

The most beautiful thing I saw at the "World's Fair" was an old woman in one of the wheel chairs, her son pushing it. Her white hair and care-furrowed face showed she had waited more than three-score-and-ten years for one of the happiest days of her life. The plain dress proved neither was rich in purse; but she was rich in joy, he richer than Jay Gould in making his mother happy. I shall forget many wonderful things I saw at the Fair, but never forget the little old woman in black, resting so cozily in that rolling chair, her joy-lit face under the aureole of white hair, as her stalwart son bent over and told her some new wonder they were coming to. "Are we almost there, son?" she asked in her eagerness. "Yes, mother," he said, smiling at her childlike enjoyment, "and it will take your breath this time sure." And she laughed like a child and he chuckled like a delighted boy as they passed on, not knowing that anybody noticed them. — *Binghamton Republican.*



WINTER IN THE NORTH.

By kind permission of the New York Engraving & Printing Co., 320-22 Pearl Street, New York City.

ROBIN'S NEW YEAR.

On the snowy branch of the holly-bush
A gay little redbreast sings:
"Happy New Year to all, to all," says he.
Oh! loudly his greeting rings.
And in the warm nursery, way high up
From the window-pane looks down
A dear little girl with sunshiny hair,
And a boy with eyes so brown.
To robin they call "Ho, ho! little bird,
Why singing so gayly, pray?
The snow is so deep, the wind is so keen,
You'll freeze with the cold to-day."
"Iceicles hang on the mistletoe bough
And snow on the meadow lies,
But I fear not the cold this New Year's morn,"
The brave little bird replies.
"For God he is good, and God he is love,
He made the land and the sea;
And the God that sees when the sparrows fall
Will also take care of me."
Then he eats with a thankful heart the crumbs
That the small white hands let fall,
And sings from his swing in holly bush,
"Happy New Year to all, to all!"
— *Our Little Ones and The Nursery.*

CRUELTY TO COWS.

THEY NEED EXERCISE IN WINTER AS WELL
AS IN SUMMER.

Men may regard cattle as mere machines, but the fact remains that they are of a sensitive organization, capable of suffering and enjoyment, and that to a degree too often lost sight of. The idea that it is just as well for a cow, either in point of comfort or health, to be tied up six months with no exercise, is contrary to all physiological teaching; and that nutritious food, light and exercise are necessary to the maintenance of health and a full development. Give cows chance to go out in the sunlight of the warm days in the winter and see how quickly they go and see the real enjoyment depicted on their expressive faces. Even though the milkflow may be somewhat lessened, will not what is lost in quantity be made up in quality? At any rate I am sure I would much rather eat dairy products of strong healthy cows than that of those weakened and enervated by close confinement and unnatural food, such as would be an exclusive diet of cornmeal. It is not necessary, in order to give them a little exercise and sunlight to range over an extensive area. Let them out in an ordinary-sized yard and they will not do traveling sufficient to waste any great amount of energy. — *Farm, Stock and Home.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

ARE OXEN DEAF?

I have often in former days, when oxen were used on the farm, heard my farmer bellowing at the oxen before the plow, as if they were stone deaf. I used to remonstrate with him, not so much on the oxen's account as on that of my family's comfort, and by dint of expostulation he finally lowered his voice to its normal state, and the oxen did as much work and he less, by the change.

It reminded me of a good lady who, on visiting France without any knowledge of the language, thought she could make the natives understand what she said by "screaming" to them. G.

WHITE FEET.

From an interesting article under the above heading, in which Hallerton tells in the *Winsted (Conn.) Herald* how he relieved a stray horse from the great suffering of a cruel check-rein, we take the following:

I patted his sides. He said "thank you," and "God bless you!" and we fell into the following conversation:

"But what is the matter with your eyes? how they weep! they look as if cataracts were growing over them; how red they are! and your nose! what is that sore?"

"My eyes? the check-rein draws them right up into the glaring sun. They are almost burned out of my head. My nose? that, too, points straight upward and catches every scorching ray."

"And your neck! the beautiful curve that nature has given to a horse is straightened out into a long, stiff, bony muscle! Do you really mean to say that this is the work of the check-rein?"

"Yes, it is. I can remember when I used to look into the brook, and my eyes were dark and lustrous; my neck was an arch. I was a handsome colt, and not the object I am now."

"But what are you doing here?"

"I am running away. I am going to Boston. I hear that horses don't have to wear check-reins in Boston, so I broke out two nights ago and have been waiting around for somebody to show me the way. Could you show me the way?"

I tore a leaf from my memorandum book and

wrote to the President of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," in Boston, and tucked it into his thick mane. I then told him where to present the note, and as we came to the highway I pointed out his course, and he galloped off at full speed.

A BRILLIANT THOUGHT.

There may be more ways than one to kill a cat, but I learned of a novel way to protect that animal from the mischievous youngster the other day.

It happened that I was stopping at a summer boarding house up in the Catskills for a few days, where an old maid boarder had located herself and her three cats for the season. The children in the house, from the youngest to the oldest, had led the three cats such a dance that the felines were justified in wishing during their waking moments that they were dead.

It had kept the old lady on the jump to keep her cats out of the children's hands during the day, and to protect them at night they had to be locked up in her room. Thus stood affairs until a few weeks ago the old lady happened to think of a scheme whereby her own and her pets' troubles would be ended. She organized a juvenile society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

It was a thought that entered her head at 1 o'clock in the morning as she lay awake trying to devise a method to relieve the cats from trouble. The next morning every child in the boarding house was corralled in the old lady's room, and she instilled into the young hearts love for everything that walked, flew or crawled, including babies.

The children, little comprehending the sport they were sacrificing, or the deep motive of the old lady, all took a pledge to live up to her teachings, and not only this but to get every new boarder's children to join the society, too. For fear the novelty would wear off, and the children would forget their pledge, the old lady sent to the city and obtained little badges for the children to wear.

The result is that all the children in the house strut about like miniature policemen; the cats are recovering their composure, besides patches of new fur, and the old lady can do her knitting without fear of being disturbed to rescue her pets from all but sudden death. — *Herald.*

Any person wishing a Spanish or Italian copy of "Black Beauty" can have one forwarded by mail, post paid, by sending us 10 cents in postage stamps or otherwise.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

17313 Nirvana, Mich. Nirvana Band. P., Arthur J. Lacy.	17362 Daisy Band. P., Mamie Lanier.	17413 Pawtucket, R. I. Roger Williams Band. P., Miss M. A. Pennington.	17464 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss O'Keefe.	17517 Fisk University. Excelsior Band. P., Erastus M. Cravath.
17314 Buffalo, N. Y. Shining Star Band. P., Henry Thomas.	17363 Sunshine Band. P., Alberta Osment.	17414 Racine, Wis. Golden Rule Band. S., Etta Schulz.	17465 Star Band. P., Miss Finnegan.	17518 Henry Bergh Band. P., Adam K. Spence.
17315 Jewett City, Conn. Golden Guard Band. P., Ida M. Sift.	17364 Forget-me-not Band. P., Mamie Hutton.	17415 Rome, Ohio. Golden Rod Band. P., Miss Rettie Furnier.	17466 Hope Band. P., Miss Landers.	17519 Audubon Band. P., Henry S. Bennett.
17316 Waterford, Wis. Waterford Band. P., Miss Amelia A. Moe.	17365 Sunbeam Band. P., Mary Owen.	17416 Spring City, Pa. Willing Band. P., Willie Hunter.	17467 Buena Vista School. I'll Try Band. P., J. L. Wright.	17520 Thoreau Band. P., Miss Helen C. Morgan.
17317 Springfield, Mass. Golden Rule Band. P., Rev. H. C. Ashley.	17366 Snow Ball Band. P., Linda Paul.	17417 Nashville, Tenn. Hynes School. Excelsior Band. P., W. R. Manlove.	17468 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Wilson.	17521 Longfellow Band. P., F. A. Chase.
17318 Silver White St. John's Band. P., Rev. Mr. McLean.	17367 Buttercup Band. P., Mamie Wheeler.	17418 I'll Try Band. P., Mrs. Grubbs.	17469 Neverfail Band. Geo. Washington Band. P., R. S. White.	17522 Whittier Band. P., Herbert H. Wright.
17319 Third Baptist Church Band. P., Miss M. E. Stewart.	17368 Canary Band. P., Georgia Dashiell.	17419 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Halloran.	17470 Wide Awake Band. P., Mrs. Miller.	17523 Goldsmith Band. P., E. C. Stickle.
17320 Cass City, Mich. Novesta Band. P., Miss Stella McLarty.	17369 Rosebud Band. P., Mary Hailey.	17420 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Heniford.	17471 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Emanuel.	17524 I'll Try Band. P., Charles W. Dunn.
17321 S. Omaha, Neb. Omaha Band. P., Jennie Ross.	17370 Busy Bee Band. P., Augusta Jounard.	17421 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Sieferle.	17472 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Huscey.	17525 Neverfail Band. P., Eugene Harris.
17322 Mt. Vision, N. Y. Mt. Vision Band. P., Gracie Rathbun.	17371 Excelsior Band. P., Mrs. Emma B. Clemons.	17422 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Garrett.	17473 Meigs School. Geo. Washington Band. P., R. S. White.	17526 Golden Rule Band. P., Geo. V. Moore.
17323 Richmond, Ind. Universal Truth Band. P., Zephaniah Thomas.	17372 Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Hollowill.	17423 Rosebud Band. P., Mrs. M. A. Kean.	17474 Lincoln Band. P., D. N. Crosthwait.	17527 Lincoln Band. P., Miss Ballentine.
17324 Nashville, Tenn. High School. Excelsior Band. P., Prof. J. F. Lipscomb.	17373 Rose Band. P., Miss Fitzgerald.	17424 Caldwell School. Golden Rule Band. P., T. W. Haley.	17475 Whittier Band. P., Miss Wolcott.	17528 Douglas Band. P., Miss Wolcott.
17325 Golden Rule Band. P., J. W. Weber.	17374 Lily Band. P., Miss Glase.	17425 Lily Band. P., Mrs. Simmonds.	17476 Longfellow Band. P., S. H. Summer.	17529 Rose Band. P., Miss Scribner.
17326 Longfellow Band. P., E. J. Batty.	17375 Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Eastman.	17426 Violet Band. P., Miss Lucas.	17477 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Brady.	17530 Lily Band. P., Miss Mary A. Bye.
17327 Neverfail Band. P., Miss M. A. Watson.	17376 Forget-me-not Band. P., Miss Fogarty.	17427 Rose Band. P., Miss Meadows.	17478 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Jackson.	17531 Violet Band. P., Miss Lampman.
17328 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss M. D. McClelland.	17377 Mayflower Band. P., Mrs. Fraley.	17428 Tulip Band. P., Miss Spidell.	17479 Wide Awake Band. P., Mrs. Gowdy.	17532 Tulip Band. P., Miss Spence.
17329 I'll Try Band. P., Mrs. M. C. Armstrong.	17378 Snow Ball Band. P., Miss Allen.	17429 Forget-me-not Band. P., Mrs. Cronce.	17480 Hope Band. P., Miss Perkins.	17533 Verbena Band. P., Miss Parsons.
17330 Lily Band. P., Miss Lillian Parsons.	17379 Violet Band. P., Miss Polk.	17430 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Johnson.	17481 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Benson.	17534 Magnolia Band. P., Miss Green.
17331 Rose Band. P., Miss Abbie Tillman.	17380 Magnolia Band. P., Miss Frazier.	17431 Snowball Band. P., Miss Eubank.	17482 Star Band. P., Miss Stith.	17535 Forget-me-not Band. P., Miss Matson.
17332 Hume School. G. T. Angell Band. P., H. C. Weber.	17381 Pansy Band. P., Miss Goodloe.	17432 Lilac Band. P., Miss Brew.	17483 Pearl School. Excelsior Band.	17536 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Walker.
17333 Violet Band. P., Miss Sara Iser.	17382 Daisy Band. P., Miss Tillman.	17433 Pansy Band. P., Miss Waggoner.	17484 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Clark.	17537 Pansy Band. P., Miss Baker.
17334 Forget-me-not Band. P., Della Dortch.	17383 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Williams.	17434 Daisy Band. P., Miss Dahoney.	17485 Helping Hand Band. P., J. D. Sharber.	17538 Daisy Band. P., Miss Fletcher.
17335 Tulip Band. P., Maggie Garrett.	17384 Star Band. P., Miss Gibson.	17435 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Eurnison.	17486 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Caldwell.	17539 Hope Band. P., Mrs. Lucy R. Greene.
17336 Verbena Band. P., Teresa McKenn.	17385 Hope Band. P., Miss Ridley.	17436 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Ford.	17487 I'll Try Band. P., Mrs. Young.	17540 Roger Williams University. Golden Rule Band. P., A. Owen.
17337 Busy Workers Band. P., Mamie Moore.	17386 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Byrne.	17437 Elliott School. Neverfail Band. P., R. W. Jones.	17488 Wide Awake Band. P., Mrs. Ballentine.	17541 Longfellow Band. P., D. R. Leland.
17338 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss S. V. Symmes.	17387 Hope Band. P., Miss Schott.	17438 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Smith.	17489 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Mason.	17542 Whittier Band. P., C. C. Phillips.
17339 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Leah Layman.	17388 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Nicholson.	17439 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Bond.	17490 Sunshine Band. P., H. W. Armstead.	17543 Neverfail Band. P., F. E. Knight.
17340 Magnolia Band. P., Annie G. Ford.	17389 Main St. School. I'll Try Band. P., M. M. Ross.	17440 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Wilson.	17491 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Hobson.	17544 I'll Try Band. P., J. W. Johnson.
17341 Pansy Band. P., Clara Grass.	17390 Willing Workers Band. P., Geo. D. Clements.	17441 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Casey.	17492 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Bowser.	17545 Willing Workers Band. P., Mrs. A. M. Haley.
17342 Daisy Band. P., Mrs. Anna Porter.	17391 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Frenshy.	17442 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss O'Gara.	17493 Hope Band. P., G. E. Washington.	17546 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Clara Mann.
17343 Sunshine Band. P., Miss L. Currey.	17392 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Butler.	17443 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Sharp.	17494 Star Band. P., Miss Hill.	17547 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Myra Handy.
17344 Star Band. P., Agnes Ellis.	17393 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Schott.	17444 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Ryan.	17495 Pansy Band. P., Miss Hendrey.	17548 Lawrence School. Excelsior Band. P., J. I. Watson.
17345 Hope Band. P., Jennie Cook.	17394 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Shea.	17445 Hope Band. P., Miss Duff.	17496 Daisy Band. P., Miss Young.	17549 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Randals.
17346 Rosebud Band. P., Mamie Halloran.	17395 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Walsh.	17446 Star Band. P., Miss Goldstein.	17497 Belleville School. Golden Rule Band. P., H. D. Carter.	17550 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Allen.
17347 Busy Bee Band. P., Delia Joseph.	17396 Star Band. P., Miss Handly.	17447 Daisy Band. P., Miss Price.	17498 Lincoln Band. P., S. W. Anderson.	17551 Hope Band. P., Miss McKeever.
17348 Howard School. Golden Rule Band. P., Dr. A. J. Cavert.	17397 Hope Band. P., Miss Geiger.	17448 Pansy Band. P., Miss Kuhr.	17499 Douglas Band. P., Miss Patterson.	17552 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Sargent.
17349 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Mary C. Stanley.	17398 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Cotton.	17449 Violet Band. P., Miss Gaines.	17500 Whittier Band. P., Miss Compton.	17553 Knowles School. Neverfail Band. P., W. A. Hadley.
17350 Neverfail Band. P., Mollie Arthur.	17399 Rose Band. P., Miss Pope.	17450 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Lowe.	17501 Lily Band. P., Miss Copeland.	17554 I'll Try Band. P., Miss Williams.
17351 Willing Workers Band. P., Stella Keel.	17400 Violet Band. P., Miss Gallagher.	17451 Trimble School. Excelsior Band. P., A. E. Darrah.	17502 Rose Band. P., F. G. Smith.	17555 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Blair.
17352 Longfellow Band. P., Mamie Spence.	17401 Tulip Band. P., Miss Moulton.	17452 Rose Band. P., Miss Considine.	17503 Violet Band. P., Miss Perkins.	17556 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Hosler.
17353 Helping Hand Band. P., Mrs. Ella Smith.	17402 Pansy Band. P., Miss Sutherland.	17453 Violet Band. P., Miss Lyle.	17504 Tulip Band. P., Miss Terry.	17557 Helping Hand Band. P., Mr. Mosley.
17354 Busy Workers Band. P., Ernestine Fall.	17403 Daisy Band. P., Miss Matthews.	17454 Tulip Band. P., Miss Neal.	17505 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Boyd.	17558 Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Caruthers.
17355 Wide Awake Band. P., Maggie Nicholas.	17404 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Wilson.	17455 Verbena Band. P., Miss Morgan.	17506 Pansy Band. P., Miss Seary.	17559 Star Band. P., Miss Guthrin.
17356 Rose Band. P., Miss Ella Thraikill.	17405 San Francisco, Cal. Golden Gate Band. P., Maria F. Gray.	17456 Magnolia Band. P., Miss Oliver.	17507 McKee School. Golden Rule Band. P., T. L. Jones.	17560 Hope Band. P., Miss Work.
17357 Lily Band. P., Mrs. V. A. Baldwin.	17406 Royersford, Pa. Busy Workers Band. P., Mrs. Alice Latshaw.	17457 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Myers.	17508 Star Band. P., Miss Davis.	17561 Granny White Pike School. Golden Rule Band. P., J. P. Crawford.
17358 Tulip Band. P., Miss Dora Bloomstein.	17407 Blackstone, Mass. Blackstone Grammar School Band. P., Mary Stewart.	17458 Pansy Band. P., Miss Pitman.	17509 Hope Band. P., Mrs. Lapsley.	17562 Hope Band. P., John B. Batte.
17359 Hope Band. P., Maggie Nichol.	17408 Yadvikville, N. C. Yadvikville Band. P., Edgar Holton.	17459 Daisy Band. P., Miss Prounsitzer.	17510 University School. Excelsior Band. P., Clarence B. Wallace.	17563 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Cockvill.
17360 Star Band. P., Belle Wilson.	17409 Racine, Wis. Hubbard Band. P., Margaret S. Roggenbau.	17460 Watkins School. Golden Rule Band. P., D. J. Johns.	17511 Golden Rule Band. P., Wm. C. Branham.	17564 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Lofton.
17361 Pansy Band. P., Lizzie Elliott.	17410 Stoughton, Wis. Stoughton Band. P., Miriam L. Gilley.	17461 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Stravinsky.	17512 I'll Try Band. P., W. W. Craig.	17565 Star Band. P., Miss Allen.

We are obliged from want of space to leave out the names of nearly 100 of our new Bands of Mercy. Will publish them in February.

A WINTER RESORT.

"Aren't you going South?" said the bluebird to the sparrow.
 "Winter's almost here, and we're clearing up to go.
 Not a seed is left on the goldenrod or yarrow,
 And I heard the farmer say, 'It feels like snow!'
 I can recommend it,—the place to which we're going;
 There's a rainy season to be sure; but what of that?
 Not a bit of ice, and it never thinks of snowing,
 And the fruit so plentiful one can't help getting fat!"
 "Yes, I've heard about it," to the bluebird said the sparrow;
 "And it's quite the fashion to go traveling, I know;
 People who don't do it are looked upon as 'narrow.'
 Bless you! I don't care! And I'm not afraid of snow.
 When it comes the first time I so enjoy my feathers;
 After that I'm used to it and do not mind at all.
 One can fly about and keep warm so in all weathers;
 I've a snugger too in the ivy on the wall.

"When the seeds are gone—and they're not before December—
 I can still find spiders and flies on sunny days;
 And I've all the lovely summer to remember;
 My old friends are here, and they know my little ways.
 Just as soon as ever the ground is frozen tightly,
 All those nice kind creatures in the houses throw us crumbs.
 One forgets it's winter when the sun is shining brightly;
 I'm content to stay here and take it as it comes."
 —December St. Nicholas.

THE DEVIL TEACHING SCHOOL CHILDREN TO DISSECT CATS.

In response to our offer of \$30 for the best outline picture of the Devil teaching children to dissect cats seven pictures have been offered in competition, and as notice of the offer has been widely published throughout the country we shall probably have more.

A diminished representation of two of them appeared in the *Boston Evening Traveller* of December 2nd, together with a report of interview, from which we take the following:

"It is only recently that Mr. Angell heard that school children were being taught to cut up animals for scientific purposes.

The first complaint came from Springfield; this was followed by other complaints from a Fall River Judge, and from a citizen of Montague.

Then he heard that a book had been issued by a professor in Brown University containing full directions. It advocated the dissection of cats, and suggested field excursions in search of material for these operations. This book was circulated widely in the public schools.

This led Mr. Angell to offer a prize of \$50 for evidence which would enable the society to convict the teacher of any high school in Massachusetts for dissecting an animal before the school.

Later on Mr. Angell corresponded with the superintendent of the Springfield public schools and others.

Mr. Orr, of the Springfield 'High School,' in a letter stated that it had always been the custom at the high schools to chloroform cats and other small animals, and when life was extinct to dissect them. This custom, he said, was pursued not only in the common schools, but in the normal schools and colleges of this commonwealth.

This led Mr. Angell, in behalf of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to offer a prize of \$30 for the best outline cut of the Devil teaching school boys and girls to dissect cats."

We are quite sure that nine teachers out of every ten the State through, and nineteen parents out of every



WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

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twenty will wish us Godspeed in every effort to abolish the dissection of frogs, toads, cats, dogs and other animals by children, or before children, in our public schools.

Nor do we believe that parents generally will care to have their children become familiar with the use of chloroform.

We have to-day read in our morning paper of the death of an excellent lady who in attempting to chloroform her cat inhaled so much of the chloroform that it caused her own death.

Saying nothing of the danger of children experimenting with it upon animals and perhaps experimenting with it to relieve human pain, and saying nothing of the danger of some of them becoming criminals and using it for criminal purposes, there is something in the thought expressed to us by several persons that when familiar with chloroform they may under the influence of sudden disappointment or passion use it upon themselves to commit suicide.

We are astonished to learn the extent to which the dissection of animals is carried on in our Massachusetts public and private schools, as well as in those of other States.

We have just received a letter stating that boys are paid to steal cats to be used in one of our largest and most popular female colleges.

A young lady attending another large girls' school tells us that a lady teacher in her school cuts up cats, showing the heart and other organs.

The other day the teacher cut open a live frog to show the circulation of the blood, and the frog was kept alive nearly all day to show the different classes.

The young lady said "the girls do not like to see these things at first, and sometimes it makes them sick, but they soon get used to it."

WHAT IS DONE IN ONE HIGH SCHOOL.

"So far this year he (the teacher of Science in the High School), has chloroformed and cut up three or four cats. One of these cats he kept in a box for days until one of the girls let it out, and when she told him that it was hungry he gave it some sour milk that the chemistry class had for some experiments, and then stood by and laughed to see the half-starved kitten eat it eagerly.

He also put a live mouse under the receiver of an air-pump and partly exhausted the air, until the poor thing was all bloated up."

"Blessed are the merciful."

HOW SCIENCE HUMANIZES.

The following received by us from Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., Superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union," tells how science humanizes.

"I knew a young lady, daughter of an old friend, who some years ago became a student in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. On one of my visits to her mother's she showed me a pretty little white kitten, of which she was making a great pet, and for which she had bought a basket lined with blue silk.

On again visiting the house some months afterwards I inquired for the kitten, and found that she had given it to be vivisected before her class. I expressed my horror, and asked her how she could bear to do such a thing, to which she replied, with every appearance of thinking it admirable, 'I did it in the interests of science.'"

THE INNER VOICE.

"I saw a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight.

I hastened home, and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said: 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice.'"

—PARKER.

The following appeared in Boston daily papers of December 2d and 3d:

To the Editor of—: Complaint is made at our offices that boys are stealing family cats in and about Allston and selling them to medical students for fifty cents each. From \$70 placed in my hands, I hereby offer in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals \$20, for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any boy or other person of being engaged in this business, and \$50 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any medical student of violating the laws of Massachusetts in performing vivisection on any such cat or other animal.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father."

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in November, 1893.

Fines and witness fees, \$111.10.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss F. A. Boyd, \$10; Miss L. S. Boyd, \$10; Dr. S. B. Woodward, \$10; Miss Fannie Burlingame, \$10; Mrs. A. L. Fisher, \$10; A. Knowlton, \$2; Christie Stakke, \$2.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Miss Helen Willard, Miss A. Goodell, Mrs. F. N. Young, James R. Carret, Miss Hattie E. Smith, C. W. Jenks, J. W. Brown, Daniel Clark, Charles Thorn-dike, Miss P. W. S. Canfield, Cash, O. W. Cook.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. F. A. Dunkerly, E. R. Humphrey, Mrs. W. J. Parker, S. Dresser, H. W. Kenway, Samuel Williams, Mrs. F. E. Shearer, W. H. Stocum, "Humanity," "Box 91, Nantucket," Mrs. A. F. Jennings, E. H. Bayfield, E. Hollister, Bessie Stakke, O. E. Melby, S. V. A. Carey.

Total, \$130.

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Total, \$143.09.

Publications sold, \$118.72.

Total, \$624.87.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in November.

Miss S. K. Davidson, \$30; (to circulate the new books) Mrs. A. L. Lowry, (for the same purpose) \$25; Elizabeth B. Hillis, \$10; Mrs. J. E. M. Safford, \$10; Miss Sarah B. Morton, \$10; Charles Nash, \$10; Rev. Samuel May, \$10; Mrs. L. Shuler, \$1; J. E. Merritt, \$0.50.

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A SAN FRANCISCO FRIEND

sends us the following poem, a gem of its kind, written by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, President of "The Women's Press Association of the Pacific Coast," and taken from a volume of poems published by her, entitled "In This Our World."

BALLADE OF YE GENTIL MAYDE.

Shee was a mayde, a gentil mayde,
Her hearte was softe and kynde,
And yet shee lyked her horse's taylor
Cut off behynde, behynde,—
Cut off full shorte behynde.

With blynders, checks and martyngales
That hapless beast was tyde,
And then her sadlylle galled his backe
Whenever shee did ryde.
O why not sit astride?

Shee had a dogge, a lyttle dogge,
Shee hitheede him on a chayne,
She made him fatte, shee made him sickke,
And so he dyed in payne,—
Alas! he dyed in payne.

Shee had a byrde, a yellow byrde,
Life-prisoned in a cage—
"Tis naught," sayth shee, "because you see
He was born in that same cage—
Or caught at tender ayge."

And then this mayde! This gentil mayde!
Shee wore upon her hedde
A hatte, the ornaments of which
Were bodys of the dedde!
Just fragments of the dedde!

The feathers of dedde byrds she wore,
Tayles of the slaughtered beastes,
Their lyttel heddes her buttons were—
Shee wore a score at least—
A score of deaths at least!

O gentil mayde! O lovely mayde!
With mylde and tender eye,
Why is it for your pleasuring
These lyttle ones must dye?
These helpless ones must dye!

A PILE.

A pile of editorials praising this paper lies before us.

We can only find room for the following brief extracts from a few of them:

"Bright poems, pretty pictures, wide-awake sketches."—*Capital Journal*, Salem, Oregon.

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Etc., etc., etc., etc.

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The painter called in his attendant and requested the nobleman to make the statement again, which the nobleman did. The painter then thanked him for rejecting the picture, "Because," said he, "I can get twice as much for it as you were going to pay me."

"How will you do that?" said the nobleman.

"Oh, I shall draw a tail to it and put it up in —'s art window as a picture of the devil."

The nobleman took the picture.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

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